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Aloft in pendent dignity,
Astride her magic broom,
And wrapt in dazzling majesty,
See! see! the Goody come!
Riding sublime on billowy air,
She tun'd her instrument with care.

Peirce, Augustus

THE

REBELLIAD;

OR

TERRIBLE TRANSACTIONS

AT THE SEAT OF THE MUSES;

A POEM,

IN FOUR CANTOS,

AUCTORE ENGINÆ SOCIETATIS POETA.

EDITED AND PATRONISED BY THE PI TAU.

By
Augustus Peirce,

BOSTON:
1842.

LOAN STACK

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EDITOR'S PREFACE.

Few writings have recently been so much read in manuscript as the poem here presented. More than twenty years have elapsed since its delivery before one of the societies in Harvard University, and it is familiar to all who have since graduated, and by the major part, perhaps, has been transcribed. A quarter of a century has produced nothing *at the seat of the Muses* to vie with the character it has held for wit and pleasantry; and it still remains the text-book of the jocose, and is still regarded by all, even the melancholy, as a most happy production of humorous taste.

The Rebelliad is not then wholly unknown; nor are its merits yet to be pronounced upon. It as little requires from us an introduction, as, after the character it has so long held, it admits our commendation. We will only here add to the brief remarks we have made in the margin, that it was written principally in the recitation room, and delivered in 1819, immediately after the *transactions* it relates, before the Engine Club then existing among the members of the University. The name of the author, which has been of late very generally mistaken, stands among the members of 1818 in the Med. Fac. Catalogue, and may be distinguished by the title, Enginæ Societatis poeta.

We have a word relative to the present text. On first designing printed impressions of this poem, we had no other resource for a copy, than the manuscripts now in college; no two of which, on being collated, were found to be alike. The original, in many places, could not even be guessed at: copyists had, evidently, without noticing it, been continually taking these questionable liberties, the use of which makes Gassendi acknowledge of his collection of an ancient philosopher, non habetur illi adeo scrupulose illigata, ut non utar eâ libertate, qua pleraque emoveam, transponam, et qua esse videbitur magis commodum, interjiciam. After writing out a text from these different sources, adding our own *improvements* to those that had before been made, we were happy to have this trouble rendered useless, by receiving direct from the author of the Rebelliad the original MS. of his poem; from which the present edition has been printed. No copy was ever before made by his consent, and those first circulated were written only from memory. Some of those who were permitted to read it in his room while in College, attempted to procure copies by each committing a portion to be afterwards written out.

The copyright has been secured merely to keep the printing of the poem under proper restrictions hereafter.

Cambridge, *June*, 1842.

PREFACE.

Some of the most venerable of the antique tribe of critics have had the unaccountable audacity to assert, that I have wasted, not only my time and ideas in a vain attempt to impose an Epic upon them, but even my paper, ink and quills. I was for some time at a loss to determine whether to laugh at the ludicrous gravity of their virulence, or to answer them with soundness of argument. After due deliberation, I concluded to pursue both courses; laughing lustily three times at the close of each argument. They accuse me of wasting,

I. Time. I would remind them of that golden rule, "Do as you are done by." Now time wastes me, and vice versa, (which is, being interpreted, Tit for Tat,) I waste time.

II. Ideas. They are wholly immaterial, and how can immaterial substances be wasted?

III. Paper. I have used no more than was or will be absolutely *necessary:* of course there has been no waste, since waste implies *unnecessary* consumption.

IV. Ink and quills. It has cost me nothing for these articles, as my chum can prove.

Having thus fully and unanswerably silenced objection-makers of all descriptions to the above-mentioned points, I shall now wield my pen in defence of another vulnerated punctilio. The last number of the "Podunk Pop-gun," (a semi-annual publication, issued from the Brass Foundry of Peter Pampoodle, Esq., once a century,) contains the following: "He" (meaning me) "says," say they, "that he followed that infallible guide of genius, the intellectual nose. It may be so; we follow the same guide ourselves; but we cannot perceive how that proves his Poem an epic."

There are 22222 different ways of solving this difficulty, 2 of which I shall mention.

1. By premising it to be a well authenticated fact, that those persons who are in the habit of following their noses, are in the habit of picking them. Now what pick is to the physical nose, epic is to the intellectual.

2. By proceeding to conclude.

PROLOGUE.

OH! IN HARVARD!

PARODY ON HOENLINDEN.

I.

At Harvard, when the sun was low,
All bustling was the kitchen's glow,
And hot as tophet, was the flow
Of coffee, boiling rapidly.

II.

But Harvard saw another sight
When the bell rang at fall of night,
Commanding every appetite
To snatch a supper hastily.

III.

By mess and table fast arrayed,
Each Freshman drew his eating blade,
And furious every jaw-bone played,
Devouring Cooley's cookery.

IV.

Then shook the Halls with racket riven,
Then rushed each Soph to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Round smashed the brittle crockery.

V.

And louder yet that noise shall grow;
And fiercer yet that strife shall glow;
And hotter yet shall be the flow
Of coffee, boiling rapidly.

VI.

'Tis night,—but scarce had Dr. Pop
Put half his supper in his crop,
When Freshman fierce and furious Soph
Shout in their savory canopy.

VII.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
And let the cooks the pieces save!
Wave, Goodies, all your besoms wave!
Inspire their souls with chivalry.

VIII.

Ah! few shall part where many meet
With any thing but blows to eat,
And every dish beneath their feet
Shall be a supper's sepulchre.

THE REBELLIAD.

CANTO I.

THE ARGUMENT.

Invocation.—Battle between the Sophmores and Freshmen in Commons Hall.—Doctor Pop endeavors to obtain a supension of arms; goes to Lord Bibo's study; makes a speech.—Sikes also pours fourth a torrent of eloquence.

TIME :—*Two hours on Sunday evening.*

OLD Goody Muse ! on thee I call,
Pro more, (as do poets all,)
To string thy fiddle, wax thy bow,
And scrape a ditty, jig, or so.
Now don't wax wrathy, but excuse
My calling you old Goody Muse ;
Because " Old Goody " is a name
Applied to ev'ry College dame.
Aloft in pendent dignity,
Astride her magic broom,

And wrapt in dazzling majesty,
See! see! the Goody come!
Riding sublime on billowy air,
She tun'd her instrument with care;
And that her voice and fiddle might
In mingling harmony unite,
She blow'd her nose and cried, ahem!
To throw off maccaboy and phlegm:
Then, with slow melancholy, sung
How for a witch her ma' was hung;
And with a doleful aspect blunder'd
Through half a stanza of "old hundred.'
She ceas'd, her misty mantle shook,
And from her magic pocket took
A box—not such as that in story,
A gift from Jove to Miss Pandora;
From which went forth as many ills,
As from a box of Conway's pills;
No: it was fill'd with vulgar stuff,
Call'd maccaboy, or headache snuff.

Her pocket held another thing,
Which ancient dames do sometimes squeeze,
A bottle of New England sling,
Or any other kind you please;
(For 't does not signify a pin,
Whether 't was brandy, rum or gin.)
Which, ever and anon, she 'd kiss
With smacking fondness and delight;
Until her fancy, full of bliss,
Was fir'd to sing of deeds of might.
Her viol she attun'd anew;
To lofty themes her fingers flew.
Hark! the melodious sounds have ris'n!
The spirits of the tuneful nine
Delay their dewy car,
In which they cleave the arch of Heav'n,
On their celestial harps recline,
And listen from afar;
While thus she sung: One Sunday night
The Sophs and Freshmen had a fight.

'T was when the beam that linger'd last
Its farewell ray on Havard cast,
Or Sol, with night-cap on his head,
Was just a creeping into bed,
When Cookum told a boy to tell
Another boy to toll the bell,
To call the students to their tea.
As when a brood of pigs, who see
Their feeder with a pail of swill,
With which their maws they 're wont to fill,
Do squeal and grunt, and grunt and squeal,
In expectation of a meal;
So they to commons did repair
And scramble, each one for his share:
When Nathan threw a piece of bread,
And hit Abijah on the head.
The wrathful Freshmen, in a trice,
Sent back another bigger slice;
Which, being butter'd pretty well,
Made greasy work where'er it fell.

And thus arose a fearful battle ;
The coffee-cups and saucers rattle ;
The bread-bowls fly at woful rate,
And break many a learned pate.
As when a troop of town-school boys
Fall out and make a plaguy noise,
On either side the boldest close,
And kick and cuff with furious blows ;
While others, fearful of their bones,
Slink out of sight and fight with stones,
Although they now and then appear,
And rave heroic, curse and swear ;
But, when the danger comes, quick flee
Behind a neighb'ring wall or tree ;
Just so these learned sons of College,
Did bruise their instruments of knowledge.
Regardless of their shins and pates,
The bravest seiz'd the butter plates,
And rushing headlong to the van,
Sustain'd the conflict—man to man.

There, in the thickest of the fight,
Did Nathan show such deeds of might,
As would have rais'd, in times of yore,
A statue o'er a tavern door;
And 'Bijah, fearless of his foes,
Help'd many to a bloody nose.
From right to left these heroes fly
Until they catch each other's eye.
As when two ram-cats, fierce for fight,
Do bristle up with vengeful spite,
And, as the combat dread they dare,
With caterwaulings rend the air;
So they, when each the other saw,
Their grinders grittingly did gnaw;
And grumly growl'd, with dire intent,
As at it terribly they went.
First each uprais'd his brawny fist,[a]
And aim'd a deadly blow, but—miss'd.
Then 'Bijah seiz'd a coffee-pot,
Surcharg'd with liquid boiling hot,

[a] Est mihi fist-ula.

And hurl'd it with such matchless force,
As smash'd two pitchers in its course ;
But Nathan dodg'd the mighty blow,[b]
And, turning quickly on his foe,
Repaid the visit with his foot,
Cas'd in a McIntirian* boot.
Full drive it hit Abijah's bum
And keel'd him over; but his chum
Had wielded, in his just defence,
A bowl of vast circumference.
Ye Powers of Mud! no mortal tongue
Can tell how all the College rung,
How stars did shoot from eye to eye,
How suns and moons flew flashing by,
When Nathan's thick-bon'd jobbernowl,
Did come in contact with the bowl!

* Carolus McIntire, qui ocreas, quae Galoches necessitatem *supersedent*, facit, etc. Vid. Cat. Fac. Med.

[b] ——: ille ictum venientem a vertice velox
Prævidit, celerique elapsus corpore cessit.—*Æneid.* v. 444.

The foemen, likewise, in the rear,
On both sides valiantly appear;
And fiercely brandishing on high
Their missiles, straightway let them fly;
Though some there were, oh! shame to say!
Who fled like cowards from the fray,
And slily sneak'd behind the door,
Where they might safely bawl and roar;
From whence they now and then did pop,
To throw a cup or tea-pot top.

Meantime, Old Pop,* as well he might,
Show'd many symptoms of affright.
With nervous haste he fill'd his cup,
And twice as hasty drank it up.
Now would he grin; now stroke his face,
Or rub his shins, and stare at—space.
But when the battle fiercer grew,
And groans with every milk-pot flew,
He thought th' Old Nick must be to pay
Thus to profane the Sabbath day.

* A professor or tutor went to commons with each class.

His antique skull cap he did wield
To serve the purpose of a shield;
For he, like learned Greeks of yore,
A something on his noddle wore,
Which, as occasion call'd, would do
For hat, casque, shield, and breastplate too:
In other parts, as th' Apostle saith,
His armor was the Christian faith.

He then to Freshman Hall* did creep,
And ventur'd, now and then, to peep.[c]
Silent the Grecian stood, because
Amazing wonder held his jaws.[d]
At length he deeply groan'd within,[e]
And cried, Ὦ πόποι, how much sin!
Upon the whole, he look'd so queer
The Juniors shouted in the rear;[f]

* MS. Vandal Hall. The Freshmen were in No. 3, and the Sophomores in No. 2 University Hall: Pop presided in No. 4, with the Juniors.

[c] Nulla salus bello. —*Æ.* xi. 362.

[d] ———, et vox faucibus hæsit.—*Æ.* ii. 774

[e] Tum vero ingentem gemitum dat ab pectore imo.—*Æ.* i. 485.

[f] ——— It clamor ad alta
Atria: ——————— *Æ.* iv. 666.

Which, added to the noise within,
Made such a dreadful, clatt'ring din,
That all the folks in Cambridge swore
They never heard the like before.
The sun now veil'd his ruddy nose;
Which brought the contest to a close.
The vanquish'd quit the well-fought field,
And to the victors vict'ry yield.

Go on, dear Goody! and recite
The direful mishaps of the fight.
Alas! how many on that eve,
O'er suppers lost, were doom'd to grieve!
What daylights pummell'd black and blue!
What noddles smear'd with goreless hue!
How dishes did *not* float in blood,
As Noah's Ark did in the flood!
What heroes fell to bite the bricks,*
O'erthrown by bowls! perchance by kicks!

* The floor of Commons Hall is made of bricks.

How Pop was in a doleful pickle,
And how the Juniors it did tickle!
But cease the touching chords to sweep,
For Mrs. Goff * has deign'd to weep;
And shall not we bow down and lave
The wreath she twin'd around their grave?
Now, at the close of this affray,
The spirit mov'd Old Pop away,
In haste to see the President,
To let him know how matters went.
He sat: and looking sagely droll,
Let out the anguish of his soul:
'*Αἰνότατε*, most rev'rend Sir!
'*Μὴ ἔρχομαι* your breast to stir;
'*Ἀλλ' κλῦθι μεῦ* the business state,
'Which brought me here so very late.
'*Νῦν ἐγὼ ἔχω* in this scroll
'*Τοὺς ἥρωας* of Commons Hall;
'*Ὦ κακοί*, who just now did wage
'*Τὸν πόλεμον* with woful rage.

* Mrs. Goff was formerly a cant phrase for any woman.

'*Τὸ δεῖπνόν μου*, (my evening diet,)
'I lost—and went to quell the riot;
'*Καί μοι μὲν αἰνὸν ἄχος ἦν*
'*Ὀφθαλμοῖς εἶδειν* such a scene.
'*Τὸ ἐάμβος*, as we say in Greek,
'Would scarcely let a fellow speak;
'Till *βαρυστενάχων*[g] within,
'I cried *Ὦ πόποι*, how much sin!'
He ceas'd: Old Bibo scarcely knew
On this occasion what to do.
At length, he thought it best to send
For Sikes, his oracle and friend;
Who, having come and heard the case,
Put on a very thoughtful face.
Then Pop and Bibo took their chairs,
And plac'd them close to Dr. Sikes's:*

* We infer from our correspondence with the author, that the real names were not used when the poem was delivered. Cases will occur hereafter where they are required by the rhyme and metre.

g ———, magnumque sub imo
Corde premit gemitum.—*Æ.* x. 465.

They sat in anxious fear and hope,
In expectation of a—" scope ;"
For, by his thoughtful phiz, they knew
He had a " gen'ral scope "* in view.
He thought and thought, full half an hour,
With all his cogitative power ;
Then with sly, though sapient look,
His glasses from their case he took,
And straddled them across his nose,
To dignify it, I suppose :
Then, in a whisper, thus began :[h]
' I've hit upon a cunning plan,
' The " gen'ral scope " of which will show
' These sinners what our power can do.
' To-morrow morning let us meet,
' And on this subject fully treat ;

* A term very frequently used in the lectures and interrogatories of Dr. Sikes. It is related that the oft-invoked *general* appeared one morning, to the great merriment of the students, stained in full uniform upon the wall of the recitation room ; after which his character gradually fell into disrepute.

[h] ————; sic orsus :

'And those whose crimes are very great,
'Let us suspend or rusticate:
'The others let us only fine
'Enough to buy ten pipes of wine.'
He said: when Bibo thus exclaim'd:
'That 's you, Old Sikes, the scheme you 've
nam'd,
'I do approve with all my heart,
'Especially the latter part.'
Pop did not say he disapprov'd,
But answer'd as the spirit mov'd;
'Δοκέω μὲν it would be best
'To go to bed, and take our rest.
'If, in my slumbers, I shall dream
'Of any other better scheme,
'I'll surely let you know.' He said:
And each retir'd forthwith to bed.
What speeches after these were made
In Canto Second are display'd.

THE REBELLIAD.

CANTO II.

THE ARGUMENT.

Government Meeting.—Speech of Sikes.—Pop's answer.—Genealogy of Logic; his speech.—Bibo summons the culprits to appear in his august presence; suspends three; his speech to the rest.—Nathan's account of himself, and address to his comrades.

TIME:—*From Monday morning to noon.*

The mistress of the morn got up,*
And paid a visit to her cup:
Whose all-refreshing virtue throws
A glaring lustre round her nose.
A rosy beam of light she strode,
And straight to Pop's apartment rode:
Directly steering to his couch,
She gave his head a gentle touch.
The hoarse, hard-sounding Greek within,
Set up a horrid gritting din;

* Aurora now fair daughter of the dawn.—*Pope's Homer.*

The Ξ and Ψ pell mell flew round,
And made a most infernal sound.
A noddle made of common stuff,
Would soon have found it rather tough;
But as for Pop, 'twas his delight
To hear it morning, noon and night.
But to return: the gentle tap
Awoke the Doctor from his nap.
He rose and dress'd without delay,
(No spouse had he to press his stay)
And walk'd abroad to take the air
Until the time for morning prayer.
'Twas Autumn—rather out of season
For a poetical display
Of lovely nature: That 's the reason
Why I shall have no more to say
About the beauties that adorn,
Oh May! thy glowing breast,
When first the rhubarb-color'd morn
Comes blushing from the east.

In fine, the doctor took a stroll
In silent meditation;
And, when he heard the prayer bell toll,
He ceas'd his ambulation.
The duties of his station done,
To Bibo's study straight he run.
'*Κύδιστε*, mighty President!!!
'*Καλῶμεν νῦν* the Government.'
Then Bibo kick'd his carpet thrice;
Which brought his Freshman in a trice.
'You little rascal! go and call
'The persons mention'd in this scroll.'
The fellow hearing scarcely feels
The ground, so quickly fly his heels.
Now, having all with one accord,
Obey'd the summons of their lord,
As usual, in a great debate,
Lord Bibo took the chair of state:
In all the gravity of fat
And lazy dignity he sat.

With phiz majestic as you please,
(Yet still he seem'd at perfect ease)
Upon his chair sublimely loll'd,
And thus on Sikes for counsel call'd:
'First your opinion you 'll declare,
'Si placet tibi———Doctor Sikes.'
The Doctor fix'd his glasses on,
And look'd as wise as Solomon;
Then queerly peeping round on each,
He thus sent forth his parts of speech:
'The "scope" of what I have to state,
'Is to suspend and rusticate;
'And, as I said last night, to fine
'Enough to buy ten pipes of wine.'
He said: Old Pop his eye-balls roll'd,
To see if any would make bold
To answer: Seeing none, he rose,
And with his coat-sleeve wip'd his nose;
Then slowly he began to speak
His sentiments in purest Greek:

'*Εἰ νῦν*, quoth he, I might advise
'*Καὶ ἐμὴν κρίσιν* exercise,
I should (*ἐπιμελῶς*) opine
'We had not better even fine;
'*Γὰρ μὲν φιλέω παρὰ πᾶν*
'That golden rule, *μηδὲν ἄγαν*.'
He ceas'd, but scarce had gain'd his seat
When Logic got upon his feet.
But what he said you'll hear in time,
If Logic will descend to rhyme.
With truly philosophic heat,
An *iron* anvil once he beat;
But Daddy thought he was not made
To rust at such a humble trade;
So sent his hopeful son to College,
(This line of course must end with knowledge)
To blow his genius, and set fire on
A better anvil than cold ir-on.
Now Master of the Arts, this youth
Began to hammer one of truth.

In fine, he was a blacksmith once,
And thence turn'd metaphysic dunce.
The goosequill, which he likewise took,
In twenty years produc'd a—Book;*
Yet so diminutive in size,
'Tis scarcely worth a d——n your eyes.
But, 'mid the blazes of his pen,
He ne'er forgot his—ten-pound-ten;
For, in all logical debates,
His lungs as bellows he inflates;
And with high sounding words doth puff
Till argument grow hot enough;
Then beats his hands with so much force,
You'd think he meant to shoe a horse.
But now 'tis time to turn about,
And hear this son of Vulcan spout:
'I think what brother Sikes has said,
'Has hit the nail upon the head.
'Ten pipes of wine, in these hard times,
'Are seldom got for scholars' crimes;

* Hedge's Logic.

'For times ar'nt as they us'd to was,
'For this plain reason: hem! because.'
He said: They could not but assent
To such a knock-down argument.
Wherefore Lord Bibo sent for all
Of those who fought in Commons Hall;
Who to his study quick repair
And knock. 'Come in.' 'Sir, here we are.'
'So I perceive; and wish to know
'What set you all a-fighting so;
'You have committed an offence,
'And now must take the consequence.
'Here is the law. All those who fight,
'Especially on Sunday night,
'Into the country shall be sent,
'By these our noble government.
'Now, since you are so many, we
'Shall rusticate but two or three,
'And fine the rest a heavy sum,
'To make you mind for times to come.

'So Corbett, King and Pratt,* come near;
'You were the leaders, as I hear:
'Come, take these three suspension papers;
'They 'll teach you how to cut such capers.'
He said: then turning to the rest,
Each one and all he thus address'd:
'And so you fought; and do you think,
'At such behavior I shall wink!
'No: should I pass such conduct by,
'Our Treasurer would almost die;
'We all should lose our good repute,
'And I, my perquisites to boot.
'Or did ye think the laws were made
'On purpose to be disobey'd,
'Whenever ye see fit to box,
'And treat each other with dry knocks!
'Did I not jaw the Government,
'For cheating more than ten per cent;

* All of the Sophomore class. The Freshmen were regarded as having acted on the defensive.

'And did I not at Cookum rage,
'For cooking sheep that died of age;
'And would ye thus repay my care,
'By "breaking of the crock'ry ware!"
'Did I not promise those who fish'd
'And pimp'd most any part they wish'd;
'And would ye thus reward my pains,
'By knocking out each other's brains!
'I say ye are a stubborn crew,
'And admonitions will not do;
'You must be fin'd a heavy sum,
'To make you mind for time to come.'
He ceas'd: then told them to depart;
Which they obey'd with willing heart;
But, when they got to College Yard,
With one accord they all huzza'd.
Then Nathan, who was much inclin'd
To make a boast of being fin'd,
With graceful declamation flung
These modest accents from his tongue:

'My name is Nathan! In a Southern State,
'My mother brought me forth; a tidy dame,
'Whose constant *cares* were at her *ease* to live,
'And keep her darling son, myself, at school.
'But I had heard of College, and I long'd
'To cut some caper there of worthy note;
'And chance has granted what the laws forbid.
'The bell which rung last night to call us forth
'To supper, scarce had ceas'd its jingling sound
'When I discharg'd a piece of bread, and hit
'Abijah on his lousy cranium.
'The foe enrag'd, advancing with his friends,
'Commenc'd the fearful onset. I alone,
'With cups and saucers, plates and tea-pots, arm'd,
'Withstood the host; and, ere a dish was thrown,
'A kick from my great toe o'erthrew their chief;

'Who wore that night the Hat which now I
wear.
'But quick his chum, with mighty vengeance
flung
'A wash-bowl plump against my noddle; but,
'Thanks to its thickness, did not fracture it;
'For if he had, I should not now be here
'To tell how valiantly I battl'd it.
'Heroic comrades! how shall I
'Do justice to your chivalry!
'The glory of your skill in fight,
'Will last as long as day and night;
'You'll be belov'd, for years to come,
'By half the girls in Christendom;
'For, when they hear the tale of woe,
'Of being pummell'd by the foe,
'Oh! how they 'll mourn and sympathize,
'And pump the water from their eyes!
'And then, again, when you do tell
'How many by your valor fell,

'They 'll praise your courage to the skies,
'And almost burst themselves with sighs.
'Then talk of love; a subject which
'Will make most any woman itch—
'Alas! my words will scarce convey
'One half of what I wish to say.
'But who, for pleasure so divine,
'Would murmur at a paltry fine?'
He said: with shouts the College rung,
As the sounds melted from his tongue.
Events which afterwards occurr'd
You 'll find display'd in CANTO THIRD.

THE REBELLIAD.

CANTO III.

THE ARGUMENT.

Bad treatment of Touchy; his choler; and the metamorphosis occasioned by it; he frightens Bibo.—Two more suspensions; in consequence of which the Sophomores rebel.—The harp.—The dance.—Speech of Nathan.—Episode containing two songs.

TIME:—*From Monday noon to night.*

To Commons Hall, these lusty sinners
Did now repair to eat their dinners,
And made a more confounded rout,
Than if all Bedlam had broke out.
Then Touchy rose, in woful anger,
To see if he could stop the clangor;
But, in a manner quite uncivil,
They hiss'd and scrap'd him like the Devil.
This added fuel to his wrath,
As pepper does to mutton broth.

The culprits trembled[a] at his look,[b]
And ev'ry joint within them shook:
To such a height their terrors grew,
They even thought his breath was blue.
Some say, the lightning of his ire[c]
Envelop'd all his face in fire.
As this was not the case, we'll make
It plain how they did thus mistake.
His snout resembles, in its hue,
A red hot poker to the view;
And now the Brandy, I suppose,
Did sparkle brightly on his nose;
Which they mistook to be a flame
Of real fire upon the same.
Now was a fearful, awful pause;
When op'ning wide his lanthorn jaws,
These words rumbled from his belly:
'Ye shall repent of this, I tell ye!'

a ——— Cecidere animi.—*Æ.* iii. 260.

b Monstrum, horrendum, informe, ingens.—*Æ.* iii. 658.

c ——— Gravis ira et.—*Æ.* v. 781.

Then out he rush'd, to Bibo went,
And to his fury thus gave vent :
'I swear, by all the powers[d] above,
'By all the liquors that I love,
'By Jingo, Beelzebub, and Judas,
'I will not bear such d——d foul ludus.'
While thus he rav'd in sore surprise,
Lord Bibo rose aud rubb'd his eyes ;
For he (a thing not very rare)
A nap was taking in his chair ;
And, when he saw the sight before him,
He thought 'twas Satan come to bore him.
'Tis said he was in such a fright,
That ev'ry hair[e] did stand upright ;
His teeth did chatter ; and his knees
Did rattle like his bunch of keys.
But what was worse, his faithless breath
Forsook the bulwark of his teeth,

[d] Numma magna vocat.—*Æ.* iii. 264

[e] Arrectæque horrore comæ.—*Æ.* iv. 280.

And rather seem'd inclin'd to send
His parts of speech from t'other end.[f]
Then Touchy rais'd his voice on high,
And at the gaping wight let fly:
'' 'Tis well you are the President
'' Of Harvard College Government;
'' Or else, you would ere now have had
'' A visit from my——magnum ad.
'' You sleepy coward, don't you see,
'' That I am no one else but me?
'' I tell you I've been vilely us'd
'' And most infernally abus'd:
'' And, if you don't revenge my cause
'' With all the vigor of the laws,
'' I swear by Hadley, and by Cain,
'' You ne'er shall taste my wine again.'
He said: Lord Bibo scarce believ'd
He could have been so much deceiv'd.
'' How glad I am to get off thus,
'' And that the matter is no worse.

[f] ——— Magno discordes æthere venti
Prœlia ceu tollunt.—Æ. x. 356.

'Now if you will devoutly swear
'You will not mention this affair,
'I promise, in return, to do
'Exactly as you wish me to.
'You gave me such a sudden start
'I could not help but *** * ****;
'For wind will always find a vent
'When in too small a compass pent:
'Especially when frequent use
'Has made the sphincter rather loose.'
Sir Touchy, glad to do so well,
Devoutly swore he would not tell:
'In recompense, I do insist,'
Quoth he, 'that two, who scrap'd and hiss'd,
'Shall be condemn'd without a jury
'To pass the winter months in rure.'
Lord Bibo to the thing agreed,
And sent his Freshman off full speed,
To summon Manigault and Gorham*
To take their profiles to the forum.

* Sophomores.

Meanwhile, their dinners being ended,
The fellows who had been suspended,
With stylish equipage, prepare
To snuff the bracing country air.
Their comrades, in the usual mode,
Had all assembled near the road,
When King appear'd: his mettled steed
('Twas one he hir'd of Jimmy Read)
Bore off the chaise with Pythian speed;
And when he got to College Yard,
His waiting comrades all huzza'd,
And strain'd their lungs with all their might
Until the chaise was out of sight.
Then Pratt and Corbett* both rode by,
Amidst a dreadful hue and cry.
Their fiery courser scour'd the plain,
And scarce obey'd the curbing rein;
And, flying like a mighty wind,[g]
Soon left the noisy chaps behind.

* Sophomores.

g ———vel equo prævertere ventos.—*Æ.* xii. 345.

The farewell clamors of the crowd
Through Harvard's Halls were echoing loud,
When full before th' assembl'd crew,
Lord Bibo's Freshman hove in view.
With vast importance, straight he took
A paper from his pocketbook;
And, standing high upon the wall,
Roar'd out as loud as he could bawl:
'Thus says your lord the President:
'Whereas, for some perverse intent,
'Sir Touchy has been vilely us'd,
'And most infernally abus'd;
'Moreover, as it doth appear,
'From evidence both good and clear,
'That Manigault did scrape and hiss,
'And otherwise behave amiss,
'And Gorham, likewise, did the same
'Without a proper sense of shame;
'I hereby notify them both,
'That, by my honor and my troth,

'They shall receive due punishment
'From Harvard College Government;
'O'er which, with such majestic pride,
'I have the honor to preside:
'So, therefore, let them both appear,
'And suffer as I threaten here.'
Now, when they heard the stern command
They took each other by the hand,
And bravely went to meet their fate;
Their comrades waiting at the gate.
Arriving at Lord Bibo's study,
They thought they'd be a little bloody :*
So, with a bold, presumptuous look,
An honest pinch of snuff they took.
Hereat Lord Bibo was dismay'd,
And thought his case had been betray'd;
For he conceiv'd they took the snuff,
(And with some reason sure enough,)
To drive away the pungent fume,
That fill'd the contents of the room.†

* Formerly a College term for daring, rowdy, impudent.
† Vid. p. 40. 1.

So opening wide his mutton chops,
This speech therefrom directly hops:
'I'll tell you what: your crime is this,
'That Touchy you did scrape and hiss;
'And, as your guilt doth plain appear
'From evidence both good and clear,
'By my official power, I swear,
'That you shall smell the country air.'
He said: in vengeance shook his pate,
And gave the bills that seal'd their fate;
Which they receiving, forthwith went
And told their comrades the event.
Then Nathan rose, (now you must know
That he was chum to Manigault)
And roar'd as loud as he could yell,
'Come on, my lads, let us rebel!
As when, upon a rainy day,
A person takes some straw or hay
To burn a chimney, that has been
For some months foul, say nine or ten,

He puts it on the fire, when high
The blaze doth up the chimney fly;
Just so the magic of the sound
Shot sympathetic fire around.
With one accord they all agree
To dance around Rebellion Tree.
Oh! Orpheus!* boast thy moving strains no more;
Let thy New-Holland Fiddle be unstrung:
Such touching, moving strains, were never sung,
By harpers blind, or fiddlers drunk, before.
For hark! the Harp of Charley Wallis†
Breathes its sweet harmony from Hollis.
Inspir'd with ecstacy of feeling,
Each pig in town sets up a squealing:

* Thus Poets tell us how one Mr. Orpheus
Led a rude forest to a country dance, and
Played the brisk tune of Yankee Doodle on a
New Holland Fiddle.—*Old Ballad.*

† A small boy who used to play on the jews-harp and dance a hornpipe for two cents, cash down.

The Goodies hearing, cease to sweep
And listen; while the Cook-maids weep:
The Juniors scarce can stay their feet[h]
From beating time to tones so sweet;
And sneaking Freshmen stare and gape,
As if they meant to eat the Harp.
But Oh! the Sophs! their frantic yells
Were louder, far, than lecture bells.
They form'd a ring about the Tree,
And to this solemn oath agree:
'By this Almighty Plant, we swear!
'We will not flinch a single hair
'Until the laws of College rot,
'And Government is sent to pot.'
This done, they each one seiz'd a twig,
The garland of the Rebel Jig.
Now round the furious dance begins,[i]
With no slight damage to their shins.

[h] And the black fiddler play'd them such a tune as
Set them all a frisking.—*Old Ballad.*

[i] ———Nunc pede libero
Pulsanda tellus.—*Hor. Carm.* L. 1. xxxvii. 1.

Those measur'd steps by masters taught,
Were altogether set at nought.
Pell-mell they flew without regard
To kicks and cuffs, however hard.
Helter skelter, harrum scarum,
Nought but death could now debar 'em.
They beat the ground[j] an hour or more
With Blows it never felt before;
Till tir'd, at last, they thought it best
To stop awhile, and take some rest.
Now solemn silence[k] reign'd throughout,
When Nathan thus began to spout:
'Beloved friends, and comrades dear!
'I pray you lend a list'ning ear
'To what I now propose to say
'Upon the subject of the day.
'In times of yore, we understand,
'When rulers got the upper hand,

j Alterno terram quatiunt pede;—*Hor. Carm.* L. 1. iv. 7.
k Conticuere omnes intentique ora tenebant.—*Æ.* ii. 1.

'And plied the people hard with cuffings,
'Like packs of greasy ragamuffins,
'The people us'd to turn about,
'And knock the rulers' daylights out:
'So we will stop in mid career
'Our pedagogues who domineer;
'And not recede a single jot,
'Till Government is sent to pot.[1]
'Then will the College have its name
'Enroll'd upon the lists of fame,
'And flourish, like a green bay ass,
'High fed upon his native grass.*
'See your banner proudly flying
'O'er the dread carnage made in Commons Hall!
'There behold it, still defying

* "Dead and yellow was the grass in College Yard, when Higginson arose: like a Phœnix arose he from the ashes of Gannett. He ambulated through the Yard:—he carried his cane:—he wore breeches:—he brushed the dust from the withered herbage, and high grass sprang up wheresoever he set his foot."—*Ossian.*

[1] Pot-um pastas age capellas.

'The Freshman's rage and rude oppression's
squall.
'The spirits of the brave,
'O'er whom it long shall wave,
'Seem whisp'ring from their grave,
'"You stand united, but divided, fall."'
He said: then look'd around, mayhap,
To see if some one would not clap;
But seeing none, he thus resum'd:
'My friends, it must not be presum'd,
'That we can lay our tyrants low,
'Without a most infernal blow.
'Now, as it is so very late
'That nothing can be done of weight,
'I move we quietly repose,
'While shades of night around us close;
'But soon as "Sol has wash'd his face,
'And greas'd his wheels to run his race,"
'Then will we bravely fight the laws,
'Until they sink beneath our cause.

'Or, should you like it better, I
'Will go to Warland's bye and bye.
'For Brandy, Wine, Cigars and Cherry,
And all things that are necessary
'To render us "particularly merry."'
He ceas'd: with shouts his speech was heard
The latter method was preferr'd.

THE TREAT, AN EPISODE.

'Twas evening; and the blue mist, flowing
Majestic from the foaming main,
Uncurl'd its rising train;
Through whose light folds sweet Cynthia glowing,
With softest tints of silver dress'd
The bosom of the west.
The Sophs, beneath Rebellion Tree,
Were blowing it right merrily.

The wine was good; the noise was great
And all were in a merry state.
The soul of Nathan straight was fir'd;
His lips with music were inspir'd;
And melody was on his tongue,
As thus in strains sublime he sung:

SONG I.

NATHAN'S ADDRESS TO THE REBELS.

I

Sophs wha' ha' in Commons fed!
Sophs wha' ha' in Commons Bled!
Sophs wha' ne'er from Commons fled!
Puddings, steaks or wines!

II.

Now's the day and now's the hour:
See approach Old Sikes's power!
See the front of Logic tower!
Screws, dead sets and fines!

III.

Who would let a Tutor knave
Screw him like a Guinea slave!
Who would *fish* a fine to save!
Let him turn and flee.

IV.

Who will recitations miss!
Who will bully, scrape and hiss!
Who, I say, will do all this!
Let him follow me.

V.

By the shins of Doctor Pop!
By this wine from Warland's sh op!
We will drain it to a drop!
But we will be free.

VI.

Let your glasses overflow;
Drink the health of Manigault;
'Liberty's in ev'ry blow;'
Let us do or die!

He ceas'd: huzzas and hats arise
Both simultaneous to the skies:
Ne'er was there such a noise before,
For fifteen minutes, or for more.
Then Caleb felt a genial glee,
And tun'd his pipes harmoniously,
The Words came gulping through his fat,
As if he just had swallow'd
A camel, or at least, a gnat,
Which in his belly wallow'd.

SONG II.

AIR, WREATHS FOR THE CHIEFTAIN.

I.

Wreaths to the Chiefs, who our rights have defended;
Hallow'd and bless'd be the Liberty Tree:
Where Lenox* his pies, 'neath its shelter, hath vended,
We Sophs have assembled, and sworn to be free.

* Black man who sold pies and cakes.

Sons of the Rebel race!
Never your names disgrace;
Ne'er may your garland be crush'd by your foes.
When Wallis strikes the tune,
Shuffle it, and rigadoon,
As if the Old Nick had bedevil'd your toes.

II.

Remember your deeds when the conflict was pending,
The bruises, the kicks and the cuffs that you gave:
Remember the cries of the wounded ascending,
As grunting and sprawling they lay on their grave.
Bloody shins and broken pates,
Coffee-cups and butter plates,
Yells, screams, and milk-pots, all chequer the fray!

Still is the Freshman's moan ;*
Silent the Grecian's† groan ;
Drown'd in the racket and noise of the day

The Sophs thus pass'd the time along,
With shouting, blowing and with song,
Until my Muse put on her cap,
And went to bed to take a nap.
Now, if you only will proceed
With patience CANTO FOURTH to read,
You'll find recorded deeds too bold
For the tail end of this to hold.

* A Freshman, during his first term, is an object of reproach though your friend. Hostilities between the Sophomore and Freshman classes ceased with the battle in Commons, and both united to oppose the first action of the College Government relative to it.

† Pop's.

THE REBELLIAD.

CANTO IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Nathan's speech.—Doctor Pop makes an unsuccessful attempt to drive the Sophs to their rooms.—Government meeting.—Mrs. Logic's eloquence.—Screwem.—Pop.—Gin.—The Goody.—An Episode.—The Spy's retreat.—Riot Act.—The Sophs leave College.—The Canto ends with their return.

TIME:—*From Tuesday morning to night.*

The Sun, as if asham'd to rise,
Had put a veil before his eyes,
And cloth'd his visage with a scowl;
In other words, the morn was foul,
When yawning Sophs their beds forsook,
And more decisive measures took.
As soon as breakfasting was o'er,
They all collect round Commons door;
When Nathan rose above the rest,
And thus the rebel crew address'd:

'If we our tyrants would subdue,
'We must some other course pursue.
'So let us all devoutly swear
'We'll not attend another prayer—
'"We swear. Huzza! Huzza!! Huzza!!!"
'And with our tutors be at war.
'At ev'ry corner let us hiss 'em;
'And as for recitations——miss 'em;
'And should the Government expel
'A single soul that dares rebel,
'With "birches" we will baste their hides,
'And "tar and feather" them besides.
'I'll bravely follow Glory's call;
'And, should it be my lot to fall,
'I'll bellow with my latest breath,
'"Oh! give me Liberty or Death."'
He said: with acclamations loud,
His speech was greeted by the crowd;
Their yells resound from pole to pole,
And hats around their noddles roll

At each applauding shout. The cheers
Saluted Pop's devoted ears,[a]
The Doctor's nerves began to twitch,
As if he'd seen a 'Lapland Witch.'
He sallied with reluctance sore;
His phiz a fathom long or more;
His mouth wide open; and his eyes,
Full twenty times their common size.
As when a farmer's pigs break loose,
And round the turnip garden cruise,
They squeal and grunt, in 'astute style,'
Like Mr. Kemble, all the while;
But when the farmer's wife perceives
The turnips plunder'd by the thieves,
She takes a broomstick in her hand,
To drive them from the Holy Land;
While they run here and there, yet still
Stick by, resolv'd their guts to fill;

[a] ——cum clamor ad aures
Pervenit.—*Æ.* ix. 395.

Just so the Sophs the Doctor bother,
First steering one way, then the other.
He follow'd closely at their bums,
Resolv'd to drive them to their rooms;
But they, Rebellious Rascals! flee
For shelter to Rebellion Tree;
And there with one accord they stop,
And vow they'll stay in spite of Pop.
Now when he found it labor lost,
To try to drive them from their post,
He to the Council Hall did sneak,
Muttering all the way in Greek.
He found already muster'd there
Lord Bibo, Touchy, Screwem, Ware,
Gad Norton, Willard, Logic, Sparks,
And all the other College sharks.
Lord Bibo, scratching first his pate,
Thus sagely open'd the debate,
'If any counsellor can shew
'The method we had best pursue

'To quell these rebels, let him do it;
'And I will certainly pursue it.
'Before, however, we begin,
'Let's take a glass of Holland Gin,
'By way of moistening our clay,
'And thinking clearly what to say.'
Then Logic started from his breech,
And thus evolv'd his parts of speech:
'To this assembly I'll allege
'The arguments of Mrs. Logic;[b]
'Whom I consulted while abed,
'Upon this all-important head.
'Dear soul! how ready to assist me!'
'"My dear," quoth she, and then she kiss'd me.
'You know I am a faithful wife,
'And love you as I do my life;
'So, therefore, harken you, I pray,
'To what your loving wife shall say.

b Logic non convenit: corrige, lector.

'If any of this Rebel crew
'Has twice as many brains as you,
'Or, are there some who scrape and hiss
'Because you never give a miss,
'You could not have a better time
'To rusticate them for the crime.'
'Thus spake my wife,* and I should say
'You could not do a better way,
'Than to suspend and rusticate
'Whomever you have cause to hate.'
Thus ends this mighty speech of speeches;
And Logic fairly lost his breeches;
Although, it seems, for them he got
A pair of horns and petticoat.
Then Screwem rose, and, with a bow,
Shook demonstration from his brow.
'Most noble peers'——Stop! while I think on't,
I'll give you a description of the man;

* Frequent reference to his wife's opinions, is said to have been one of Logic's many peculiarities.

But, not to throw away much ink on't,
I'll be as brief and modest as I can.
In nature he is more profound,
Than all the *naturals* around.
His eye intuitively can trace
The void infinities of space;
He knows how fast a man would ride,
A comet's fiery tail astride.
In mathematic learning, too,
He is excell'd by none, or few;
He cypher'd Vulgar Fractions through,
And overcame the Golden Rule
Before he ever went to School;
And, even, some presume to say,
That he can tell by Algebra
How many seconds make a day;
For he has added to a T
The letters A+B+C.
All this his little head contains,
To mention nothing of his brains.

But to return : ‘ Most noble peers,’
Quoth he, ‘ I pray you lend your ears.’—
‘At what per cent !’ cried Doctor Pop.
This sudden interruption brought
The speaker to so queer a stop,
As set all gravity at nought.
‘ Huzza !’ cried Bibo, ‘ good ! Old Boy !
‘ A joke is born ; I give you joy.
‘ Fill,[b] fill each tumbler to the brim,
‘ And let the jest in liquor swim.
‘ Friend Sikes, what say you, may we hope
‘ You’ll join us in a “ gen’ral scope ?”
‘ These “ Scopes,” ’ said Pop, ‘ we well can spare,
‘ They being rather worse for *wear*.’
Quoth Ware,* ‘ I take your joke in fun,
‘ And, for the present, owe you one.’
‘ I do not like,’ said Pop, ‘ to trust,
‘ But, on the whole, suppose I must ;

* Sikes.
[b] Ac vina liquentia fundit.

'Unless you call on brother Logic,*
'A pun to hammer with his sledge.'
'What! I,' cried Logic, 'make a pun!
'It is a thing I've never done:
'My Wife and Stewart, Locke and Clarke,
'(And I agree in their remark,)
'Assert that puns of evr'y kind
'Are symptoms of a shiftless mind.'
He said: the Doctor look'd so queer
'Twas plain he'd caught a new idea;
But rather seem'd to have a doubt
Whether 'twould do to let it out:
But finally he thought it best,
And thus the sentiment express'd:
'What Mrs. Logic, Locke and you
'And Clarke and Stewart say, is true,
'Perhaps; but I can surely find
'A thing more shiftless than the mind.

* Corrige.

'A woman in a *state* of *nature*,
'Is truly a more *shift*-less creature.'
'My gin,' cried Bibo, 'must be good
'To put friend Pop in such a mood!'
'Good!' cried the Doctor, 'I protest,
'Of gin, I think it is the best.
'Thucydides may go to grass,
'And Homer with him, for a glass:
'It is delicious; why, a bottle
'Has fairly routed Aristotle.
'Such is its influence, in short,
'That Greek of ev'ry kind and sort,
'Has wholly vanish'd from my mind.'
'So has, (said Screwem with a leer,
'Stretching his mouth from ear to ear,)
'So has my speech from mine I find.
'Well, well,' Pop answer'd, with a grin,
'Accuse not me, but blame the gin.
'Come, Bibo, fill our tumblers full,
'And let us take another pull.

'Here's hoping, Jack,* you soon may wed
'A warm companion for your bed!
'May sons and daughters crown your flame,
'And may her *deeds* belie her *name.*'
'I don't *conceive,*' cried Bibo: 'pray,
'Explain the vim of what you say.'
'Well then,' said Pop, 'may Venus spare her
'From being more than nine months *farrar.*'
He said, and down the liquor quaff'd;
And long and loud Lord Bibo laugh'd.

THE GOODY, AN EPISODE.

Though Goody was no longer young,
Yet still in College Yard she sung;
And oft, the Tutors gather'd round,
To listen to the magic sound;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
To be harmoniously inclin'd;
And *now*, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,
With Brandy, Blackstrop, Gin inspir'd,

* Farrar.

They snatch'd from the surrounding thistles
Fiddles, warming-pans, and whistles;
And, as they all had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her grating art,
Each (for madness rul'd the hour)
Would prove his own ear-rending power.

First Sikes to try his skill appear'd,
And on a crazy fiddle play'd;
But back recoil'd all those who heard
The horrid discord that he made.

Next Screwem to the contest sprung,
And roll'd his phrenzied eye around;
With one rude clash the fiddle rung,
And dash'd it, shatter'd, to the ground.

With woful phiz and quite demure,
Sparks humm'd a melancholy air;
By fits and starts, he struck a skewer;
By starts and fits, he made a prayer.

But thou! O! Pop! with jolly grin,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,
And bade Lord Bibo hand the mug about!
Still would his throat the draught prolong,
And, when he'd drain'd the liquor out,
He call'd on Bibo yet through all his song;
And, as some lively theme he chose,
A cry of—'fill again,'—was heard at ev'ry close;
And Pop, enchanted, smil'd and wav'd a glass
of gin.
And longer had he sung;—but with a frown,
Touchy impatient rose:
He threw his empty glass in thunder down,
And, with a with'ring look,
The deaf'ning Engine trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
That Hollis from its centre shook,
And dogs and cats, aghast with terror, fled!
And, ever and anon, he beat
A warming-pan with furious heat;

And though, sometimes, each dreary pause between,
The little pig beneath his heel,
Continued lustily to squeal,
Yet still he drumm'd with unabated zeal,
And all within a mile to stop their ears were seen.

Thy numbers, Gilman, were confin'd to nought!!
Alas! he must have felt forlorn!
For now, a squeaking fife he caught;
And now, a jews-harp seiz'd; then, raving, took a *horn*.

Lo! far remote, and all alone,
Gad Norton sat upon a stone;
And, though he didn't like to be
Partaker in the minstrelsy,

Yet, on the whole, he thought there was no harm
In moral songs and hymns of praise;
And so with animated lays,
He lifted up his voice and sung a psalm.
With eyes uprais'd, he pour'd the solemn drawl;
Old pious tabbies caught the twang,
And for an hour the parish rang
With one continued caterwaul.

But O, how diff'rent was the rending tone,
When Logic, who had long been waxing hot,
His hammer o'er his shoulder flung,
And, finding near an iron pot,
With eager zeal, a ten-pound-ten infernal, rung—
The Blacksmith's peal, to ancient Cyclops known.

Munroe,* with boys and girls, as thick as hops,
And tipplers in the neighb'ring shops,
Gaping, were seen, with open chops;
Peele Dabney† gaz'd, Sikes cut a shine;
And Pop leap'd up, and seiz'd a great "Long Nine."

Last of all, came Bibo's trial.
He, with a pumpkin-vine advancing,
First, to the prickly weed his mouth address'd;
But, soon he saw Bat Fuller's‡ corn-stalk viol,
Whose little, whining voice he lov'd the best.
They would have thought, who heard the strain,
They saw in Porter's‖ Hall his chamber maids
Amidst a set of jolly blades,

* Kept a boarding house for students.
† Jonathan Peele Dabney, A. M. general waiter and bell-ringer.
‡ A childish and somewhat eccentric lawyer.
‖ Porter was innkeeper near the University.

To some half boozy fiddler dancing:
While, as his blund'ring fingers scrap'd the strings,
Pop fram'd with Sikes a gay fantastic round.
Slack were their breeches seen, their hose unbound;
While each, defying time and tune,
Balanc'd his partner with a rigadoon,
And shook his lively heels, in pigeons' wings.

My Muse was once a Virgin; but
'Tis no great matter
How, when, or where, the little slut
First broke the platter.
'Tis rumor'd that a certain tutor
In her young days became her suitor.
One morning, as the story goes,
Before his tutorship arose,
The Goody enter'd with her broom,
To make his bed and sweep his room.

He saw her tempting,* and began
To feel the frailities of a man.
A veteran, he could show the scars
Of many hard-fought 'Cyprian wars.'
At first, sly looks alone were cast;
His passion grew so high at last,
He had the impudence to say,
He'd force her to et cetera.
The Goody now in some alarm is,
Lest he should tackle vi et armis;
But she was brave, and would not yield,
Unfought, the laurels of the field.
He open'd now another battery,
And plied her hard with flattery.
She fell! 'Oh! What a fall was there!'
Rise! Rise! Ye tuneful train!
Bewail a fallen sister fair!
While to my story I return again.

* Goody Morse, the daughter of her mother, stood before him:—a b esom graced her hand:—a sweet blush was on her rhubarb-colored cheeks:—her eyes sparkled like moon-beams in a mud-puddle:—she took snuff:—she wiped her nose:—the soul of ——— arose:—his mouth watered, &c.—*Ossian.*

Meantime, Lord Bibo wish'd to send
Some one on whom he could depend,
To lurk about their camp, and see
The movements of the enemy.

Thereon, Old Sikes his noddle rear'd,
And in the service volunteer'd;
But first secur'd his friend, the jug,
To keep his carcass warm and snug;
Then slily issu'd from the Hall,
And mounted Bibo's garden wall;
But hadn't been there half a minute
Before, (as if th' Old Nick was in't,)
The Sophs began to 'smell a rat,'
And soon perceiv'd what he was at;
And rais'd so great a hue and cry,
As soon compell'd Old Sikes to fly;
Who in the Council Hall appears
With two great fleas in both his ears,
And in a woful manner tells
How he was frighten'd by the yells.

Lord Bibo's heart was almost broke
To hear how dolefully he spoke;
And, that it never might be said,
That Sikes without revenge had fled,
He vow'd with oath most horrible,
He'd rusticate, if not expel,
A half a dozen of the Sophs,
To pay them for their blackguard scoffs.
Accordingly Jack Hopper, Motte,
And four besides 'em went to pot;
At which the Sophs were almost frantic,
And cut some capers wondrous antic.
They roar'd and bawl'd, and were so bloody
As to besiege Lord Bibo's study,
Demanding that he should recall
Their faithful comrades one and all;
But stubborn Bibo flatly swore
He'd rusticate a dozen more,
Or even every mother's son,
Ere he'd recall a single one.

He likewise took two other courses,
The Physical and Civil forces;
But Physics were not stout enough
To meddle with rebellious stuff;
And as for Law, it quickly flew
With Justices and Churchmen too.
Though Deacon Shavem did in fact
Begin to read the Riot Act,
The whole effect these measures had,
Was but to make the Sophs more mad;
Until their fury was so great
They swore they'd go at any rate,
And leave the College and its Devils,
Screws, duns and other such like evils.
True to his oath, each wrathy Soph
With mighty dignity went off.
But cease, dear Goody! Cease, My Pen,
For now they've all sneak'd* back,—AMEN.

* After having taken an intermission of two weeks.

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